"Tim" Murnane on Some Remark- a tie. able Feats.

ACHIEVEMENTS ON THE DIAMOND

Games.

AS QUICK AS THOUGHT

After witnessing performances by all the grand masters of the American national game since the days of the famous Cincinnati Red Stockings, in 1869, to the present time, I find that it is no easy matter to pick out the most brilliant plays I have ever seen, says "Tim" Murnane in an artiele in Donahoe's Magazine for June. As I stop to think one phenomenal play follows another before my mind's eye like evening shadows up a mountain side.

The running catch.

The lightning throw. The beautiful one-hand pick-up of a fast and ugly grounder.

The desperate slide.

The timely hit. What a subject to carry an old player back to exciting times! I have seen plays made at critical times, where 20,000 enthustastic people cheered the player as earnestly as if he had saved his nation's flag. I shall not write of the plays made before the most liberally applauded.

In describing the five most brilliant plays
I have ever seen my experience as a player
will have much to do with my judgment. Work that might seem phenomenal to the spectator who has never played the game would often be considered weak form from a professional standpoint. In the plays that I have selected brain, hand and heart worked together on the impulse, accomplishing that which, by losing a fractional part of a second, would have failed.

Can you imagine a man flying? If not, it will be a difficult matter for me to describe the play made by Herman Long of the Boston club at Philadelphia in the summer of 1892. The championship season was about two-thirds over and the Quakers were grad-ually crawling up on the Boston leaders. Harry Wright's boys had taken two games from the champions before tremendous crowds of people, and the third and last game of the series found the Bostons de-termined to make the fight of their lives.



Herman Long was the hero of the Boston Methory; his batting was terrific and his fielding grand. While both teams were fighting for the lead, he made a phenomenal play that turned the tables in favor of Boston. The ball was hit hard and went sailing out toward center field. A volley of cheers fol-lowed the drive and doubled in volume when Long was seen to make what the players instance it was the only way the play could have been accomplished. The ball was taken with the right hand over the left shoulder, while in the air, after a sharp run and flying leap, where his heels went nearly as high as his head. Mr. Long is still a member of the champlon Rostor the field at the present time.



Cal McVey, the old Boston and Chicago league player, was one of the most power-ful throwers I ever saw. In 1870 he was a member of the famous Cincinnati Red Stockings, who were then well into their second season without meeting a single defeat. Their first defeat was at the Capito-line grounds, Brooklyn, before 20,000 peo-ple. In this game McVey made a wonderline grounds, Brooklyn, before 20,000 peo-ple. In this game McVey made a wonder-ful throw that would have shut off the win-ning run for the Atlantics but for a muft

made two runs in the eleventh and felt sure of the game. With two men on bases, "old reliable" Joe Start hit the ball in among the pathy with the Brooklyn men, and McVey had a hard time getting the ball. He pushed his way clear after a great struggle, just as Start had turned third base and was headed for home, with the crowd cheering him on the Britanian as \$50 a week. So, again, one who some few years back was accounted the most noted long-haired woman in the country is now working for \$10 a week addressing wrappers in a mailing agency on the West Side.

arm shot out like a piston rod and the ball went as straight as a bullet into the catcher's hands, where it was dropped, just as Start rolled over the plate with the winning run, exhausted and out of breath. With one great roar and rush, the immense crowd was on the field in an instant, and Joe was helsted upon the shoulders of several and carried in this manner to the club house. The joy of the crowd was in great contrast apt. George Wright was dumfounded, and his step was heavy and his demean-or crushed and troubled. Mr. McVey went to California twelve years ago, and was in



that saved the Boston team from a defeat ase. With the score a tie, Pittsburg player on third base, with one out; the batsman met the ball fair and it went

p and a dive with his left hand and the was reached. Like a flash he changed a tie and the game was called.

FIVE BALL PLAYS The Boston and Cincinnati teams were playing a close and brilliant game at Cincinnati in '92, when Capt. Comiskey made a play that saved the game, at the time, for his team. Hugh Duffy was at third in the last half of the ninth inning, with the score a tie. There was one man out and a good, sure hitter at the bat. The ball was hit well to the right of Comiskey, who was playing first base. He took the ball with his right hand, after a jump, and before getting his feet on the ground had sent it to the home plate in time to catch the fleet-

footed Boston man.

The ball was handled with two motions, Pick-Ups and Throws That Saved

The ball was handled with two motions, which necessitated great playing to execute. It was the proper time to take a chance, and the great Cincinnati captain was equal to the emergency.



Paul Hines' Triple Play at Providence

Paul Hines is the only man who ever made a triple play single handed. The history of the game will show less than half a dozen triple plays, and the chances of ever seeing another single-handed one are very slight indeed. It was in '78 that Hines elec-trified the base ball world by making a triple play that saved the game for his team and put him a niche higher than any other base ball player. The games of that season between Boston and Providence were con-tested with a spirit of rivalry worthy of the diamond battles of Harvard and Yale. Large delegations went with the teams from one city to the other to cheer on their favorites and make life miserable for their opponents. The game was drawing to a close, with the score small and Providence one run in the lead. The Boston men, under the leaderlargest crowds or of those that were the ship of Capt. George Wright, the most famous player in America from '69 to the time I write of, made a grand spurt, getting men on third and second bases, with three men to dispose of. One run would tie, and nal to the in all probability two runs would give the game to Boston, and that, too, on the Providence ground, before a crowd of 6,000 peo-

Hines was playing a rather deep center field and was watching the batsman close-ly. The ball was hit hard and passed about three feet high over second base. Hines made a long, desperate run, knowing that it meant the loss of the game if he failed. It looked like an utter impossibility to make the catch. The men on bases had started for home, and the Boston sympathizers sent up a wild yell; but it was cut short as Hines reached the ball, getting it about two inches from the ground, and held it, the momen-tum carrying him twenty-five yards before he regained control of himself. Both men had crossed the home plate, and seeing there was no use in trying to get back, stood bewildered, as Hines jogged over to third base, putting three men out, as the runners were forced to come back and touch the bases in regular order after a fly ball had been caught. This play saved the game for Providence, and Hines was talked about as no player ever was before.

A LOST PEOPLE.

The Relies of a Lost Race Discovered on the Coast of Brittany.

From Goldthwaite's Geographical Magazine. A lady whose home is in the south of France writes of a visit she made recently to an island on the coast of Brittany. Those of you who have read the story of King Arthur and his knights will remember that they started out over the sea in pursuit of the dragon. In this-the Morbihan sea-is a little island which can be reached from the mainland only when the water is smooth. The sole inhabitant is a Breton Herman Long's Flying Play at Phila-shepherd, who lives in a little but and delphia in 1892. spends his time in caring for his sheep. The party landed and were met oy the kind-faced old man, who led them over the grassy slope where his flock was feeding, and showed them the way around a hill, on the east side of which they found the entrance to a tunnnel.

This extended some distance, and its floor, sides and roof were made glyphs and figures "looking somewhat like wreaths, and again like coiled serpents." At the end of this tunnel was a hall, also floored, roofed and walled with the same curious stones, and in the center was an altar and a stone upon which it is thought that human sacrifices have been offered. The strangest part of all is that no stones or roc's like those used in this tunnel can be found on the island, and at no place he found on the island, and at it pract of the last flavouring floor of them? How did they come? There is no record left—at least none has been found. them? How did they come? There is no record left-at least none has been tound,

Druids, who came here when they left Great Britain; others, again, think that they were worshipers of the serpent god called Hoa. But it is conjecture. All we know is that the stones are here, strangely carved, skillfully put together, but of their

LIVES OF FREAKS.

They Are All Well Paid, but They Do Not Last Long.

From Lippincott's Magazine. The physical lives of most freaks, like their professional careers, are short. The fat people usually die of apoplexy, and it is Cal. McVey's Throw at Brooklyn in a good thing, too, for many of them suffer more than the public imagines. The giants and dwarfs generally live longer than their fellow-curiosities; but, no matter how good longer make themselves attractive in ap-

by Allison at the home plate.

The ninth inning resulted in five runs the boards of a sandwich advertisement of a cheap restaurant. It is only a few months reliable" Joe Start hit the ball in among the spectators at right field, they having crowded in on the field. The people were in sym-

An Original Name.

From the Boston Home Journal. There is a man in Washington who has a most uncommon rame. His mother was on day, before his christening, she noticed on the door of a building the word "Nosmo." This struck her fancy. Now for a mil-lie name. Later, coming along by the rame building, she saw on the door the name "King." Ah, this was what she was after! "Nosmo King Jones he shall be," she said, and he was christened so. On the way home from church after the christening she to California twelve years ago, and was in home from charen after the christ and business near San Francisco the last I passed the same building again. The doors were all shut, and behold! the doors with the names on them she had selected were shut together, and she read, not "Nosmo King," but "No Smoking," and her heart was broken.

Cruelty of the Guillotine. m the St. Louis Republic.

"The French method of killing capital criminals has always been revolting to me, even if I am a Spaniard," said R. Comez at the Lindell yesterday, "i don't like the idea of cutting a man's head off. Of course the practice has prevailed at some time or other all over the world, but I believe that I like the neck-breaking garrote above other schemes. It is not particularly terrible; it is sure, and there is no bloody head to fall into a basket. If there is to be a cutting off of heads, let it be done by a sword in the hands of a sure-nerved man, who will make a good tob of it. Think of the sure is to be a cutting off the sure-nerved man, who will make a good tob of it. Think of the sure is to cape. Juno gave me some notes to friends in the upstairs part of creation and cuddling myself in a sleeping posture I took the mysterious dose. Swiftly my spirit soared. Familiar landmarks of the sure-nerved man, who will make a good tob of it. Think of the sure is to do thisel and we prepared for my espectation. make a good job of it. Think of removing a man's head by machinery! It's too much like an accident. The Chinese don't have any trouble about their executions, for the reason that they are conducted on the plan that I have just spoken of. The French have only refined cruelty in their famous

Never in Trade From Puck.

The next man went out with the score still \$5,000 a year, and then died \$5,000,000."

Sure of His Identity.

A TALE OF METEMPSYCHOSIS to go down to Samos and get my body.

Arriving there I found that Juno had been

A Weird Story Told by Montana Jim in a Hotel Parlor.

ADVENTURES OF A SPORT

It was a parlor scene at the National chemicals. When I reached the college Hotel. It was as bright as wit. All sorts they were experimenting with me, and had so feepele, from the good to the very good, so scarred me that I could scarcely recognize myself. In the street below as funeral

Sitting on the heater, with a gaze which seemed to be looking down the vista of the past, and to be peeping behind the curtain of the future, was Col. Jim Struthers, alias "Montana Jimmy." "Hello, colonel," said The Star man, slapping him on the back "My boy," said the colonel, gravely, with a face as sober as a temperance pledge, "I

was a lady once myself." It was clear that Jim was about to perpetrate another of his experiences, and people shifted their positions, the better to hear what he was about to say. After the usual preface of throat-clearing

and brow-knitting which yarners affect he

aid:
"Yes, my boy, I was a lady once my"Yes, my boy, I was a lady once my boy, I was a lady once my"Yes, my boy, I was a lady once myself. The rough figure which stands before you now is not the original Jim Struthers. The body in which I am temporarily rigged out is not the one which I inherited at my birth. When I was a young man I lived in the lap of luxury, ate from a souvenir spoon and used sweet soap, tooth powder and cologne. But I longed for bigger things than tugging at the heart strings of girls. I built ambitious eastles on foundations of hope. I wanted to write my autograph in big caps on the front page of the world's I would have released myself from my trouhistory. I chose to be a sailor. My spirits bles, but I had left the flask of immortality ebbed and flowed with the tides, and my bitters in my apartments at Samos and I heart beat in unison with the throbs of Neptune's pulse. I went down to the sea ners of 9th and the avenue and 11th and F in a ship. We were off the coast of Samos, streets that I decided to go back to Samos and I was thinking of all the ancient his- and get a drink. tery which had been made around those shores. It was evening. The day had planted golden crowns on the brows of the westward hills; had gilded the spires of the fell in love with me at first sight. I was town with a soft and tender glow and had very beautiful. I did not use a portable cast back to Samos parting glances of mellow, loving light.

"A storm was brewing. I could not grease the water into calmness. The storm broke. The wind would have blown the breath out of a Dakota blizzard and lifted the roof off a cyclone cellar. The lightning blazed to the right, and to the left, and the artillerists of the skies had planted batteries in every cloud. The storm was an electric shock. My craft was rocked in the cradle of the deep, and I was a castaway. I was broke, and as all my valuables were in the hotel safe and it was after banking beach. I was in the act of doing this when a Samos copper pinched me as a vag. The vagrant law in Samos is more regularly enforced than it is in the hotel corridors of Washington. I registered a fictitious name on the station blotter, and as I could not leave collateral I was jugged in the cala-

In an Ancient Temple. "The jail at which I was residing had seen better days. It had once been a temple of James Creek canal. Naturally, Mr. Struth-Juno. In one corner of my apartment was a ers died. As I looked into the pailld face of life-size statue of that gallery goddess. Time my late lamented husband and was about life-size statue of that gallery goddess. Time concluding to make his funeral one of the had dealt well with her, and if some of her handsomest social events which the regular anatomy, as is the fashion with old statues, funeral patrons of this city had ever seen, had not been broken off, she would have been as well dressed for bathing purposes as Lady Lodovic when she rode through Coventry town. There were some withered Three fingers of Juno's liquor would do the poppies and peacock feathers at her feet. job. I wrote a note of farewell to the world, her ears and nostrils were full of cobwebs, asked to be forgiven for my rashness, versation for a long time. Juno always was a peculiar woman. I was very tired, as much so as if I had listened to a defense of the last blazellast statements. Then I swallowed the peculiar potion, and and evidently she had not engaged in conabout them.

They must have lived many centuries ago, but have vanished entirely, yet their work is as perfect apparently as when first built. It is thought that they may have been Druids, who came here when they left. and was just about to sting me, when I awoke. My eye rested on the ghostly outlines of the statue in the corner. I thought I noticed something wrong about it, but attributed the circumstance to my impaired vision and the excitement through which I had passed. The statue seemed to be pointing its broken arm at me. I raised on one elbow and held my breath to listen. I would have yelled police! but for the bad effect it has on men to be rudely awakened, and my shrick fell short. Ine other arm was lifted now, and the two seemed to be

doing some Delsarte business.

"The lines of Galatea began to rush through my dizzy brain. The marole pallor of the statue was giving place to fresh, warm, rose tints. The duil eyes began to grow brilliant, and by their radiant luster all things in the dim and darksome cell could be plainly seen. Another flesh-colored figure was perched just over Juno. She carried a small rainbow in her hands, and I knew it must be Iris. Hallehuja! what had I struck? 'Angels and ministers of grace defend us,' I shouted. Juno turned her head and rested her gaze, half-sympathetic, half-imperious, on me. Her ins moved. At first her vocal cords were too much tangled for utterance, and when her the most noted professional giants of his day—second only to the great Chang in stature—limping along 6th avenue between the boards of a sandwich advertisement of the stature of the sandwich advertisement of the sand plete. Juno did not chide me. As a stranger, she bade me welcome. Being without my note-book, I did not take down her remarks, and besides she wasn't talking for publication, as she is too well known to need this kind of advertising. We talked of various matters. I found that the god-dess was pretty well up on Washington society. I would tell you what she said, but I don't like to repeat uncomplimentary remarks about people. Juno said she hoped I would forgive her toilet, but that it really wasn't her fault, as Phidias wasn't a firstclass dressmaker. I told her that I didn't mind a little thing like that, as I had been to full-dress entertainments before and had

blushed a few times and said. sport, you're a brick, and I'd be the hap-piest girl in Samos if I only had my left arm, right ear, nose and big toe back.' We got on very friendly terms and began to discuss ways and means for my escape.
"Then, as if a great thought had hit her, she called out to pretty little Iris: 'I say Ris, bring out that demijohn of the elixir of immortality which Uncle Jupiter sent in last night and chuck a flask of it in the hind fob pocket of Col. Struthers.' As Iris reached for my gun pocket I kissed her. Then Juno stepped down off her ped-estal and gave me directions how to use the dose. She said: 'One spoonful of this before meals will separate the soul from the body, but, unlike most other medicines, will grant the scul the power of reuniting with the body. You can take a drink of it now and your soul can hang around outside until the thirty days are up, when they will release your body and you can get together

"Juno cut me off a lock of her hair with a cold chisel and we prepared for my es-

dim in space. I was careering along boulevards of ether worn smooth by the passage of innumerable souls. A few more flaps of my pinions and I hove to off

Olympus.

"From here I strolled along a cut-glass "From here I strolled along a cut-glass and peering" avenue, asphalted with crystal, and peering into the abysmal depths of space, I could see Mother Earth, wrapped in an ulster of cloud, with here and there a mountain peak or the Goddess of Liberty protruding from Eider Sister (1994).—"Horrors! Don't in-vite those Upton girls. Their great-grand-father made his money in trade."

Younger Sister.—"Didn't ours?"

Filer Sister "Warm"

fant stars to illuminate the way. Rivers of was as much surprised as any one when he saw that the ball had benten the runner and his team saved from defeat. I never knew a player that could throw a ball with such case and yet so accurately as Morrill.

The next man went out with the score still.

COL. JIM STRUTHERS

| land | blossomed | with | hot | rolls. I | arrived in the celestial regions on an empty | stomach | and | can | testify | to | the | excellence | of | the | menu. Codfish | was not | served | as | brook | trout | today | and | Oregon | salmon | tomorrow, | and | roosters | did | not | have | to | do | duty | as | prairie | hens | and | grouse | on alternate | His | Only | Hope | is | to | Imitate | the |

A Reincarnation.

to go down to Samos and get my body.

bought for the New York Academy of Arts

noose around me and drawn me up and

had turned me over to the janitor of a med-

ical college. Then the demonstrator had

opened my jugular and pumped my heart

was passing. Bells tolled woe, breezes sighed in pity and flowers drooped in grief. I followed. At the grave the cortege paused. The lid of the casket was raised and the face of a lovely grid.

face of a lovely girl lay exposed to the sor-

rowing multitude. My spirit, weary of wing, and robbed of its own body, crept into that

of the dead girl. The flush of life returned;

"The pall-bearers were nice young men and had evidently been on good terms with

the girl. It was her body, but it was my

soul. Everybody thought me wondrously changed, but attributed it to my horribly

Meeting With Struthers.

From Belene to Jim

me. However, my confession

aroused doubts as to whether

room, overheard him murmuring to hi "Yes, yes, I was a lady once myself."

From the Buffalo Express.

of the pasteboards.

"I'll play you poker."

"Hearts?"
"Hearts is no good."

of pedro."

he said:

ON THE CARDS.

His Knowledge of the Game Was Too

Limited for His Friend.

money, marbles or chalk," said the tall one.

"What'll we play?" asked the tail one.

"No, I ain't very good at pedro,"

"That's a game I never play."
"Pinochle?"

"Criblage?"
"Don't know that game."

"Let's have a game of casino, then."
"I never did like that game."

"The counting is too much bother."

"I will match pennies with you."

By this time the short one was disgusted. He stopped and said:

"Well, you dod-gasted chump, what will you play after all your bluffing?"
The tall one hesitated for a minute. Then

"Well, we'll go up here and play a game

meneal hawsaw

"Well," went on the colonel, "I got tired at last of this sort of thing and concluded

NO BETTER MODEL THAN THE VULTURE

Flight of Birds.

and that my apparently lifeless body had been carried down to the morgue at the Sailing in the Air All Day Long sixth precinct station and, being unidentified, was buried in potter's field. Thither my spirit flew. A hole had been knocked Without One Wing Stroke. in the head of my box, Jansen had put a

HOW FAST SOME BIRDS FLY

Written Exclusively for The Evening Star. HALL WE EVER fly?" said a scientist Sthoughtfully in response to a Star writer's question. "It is a problem of fascinating interest. I myself am disposed to answer in the affirmative. Man is a wonderful animal. Until he has accomplished this ambition he will never rest content. Already he has in-

getting about for which nature offers no narrow escape from live burial. I was per-mitted to read my own death notice in The suggestion. I mean the skate and the velocipede. Why then should he not adapt Star, appended to which was a poem, alleged to have been written by my parents, but which was really cribbed from an anonto his own purposes a mode of locomotion long familiar, being furnished with countless models ready at hand to copy from? "There is no doubt in the minds of advanced thinkers on this subject that flying man must imitate the birds. He will never

and took several baths to free myself from the perfume of alcohol and embalming fluids. I congratulated the family minister on the eloquent manner in which he had exaggerated my virtues, and I got space rates for a special story in a medical paper on 'How It Feels to Die.' I had a good deal of trouble in my new surroundings. I could not walk comfortably in dresses and would tear the lace off my train at get very far toward the solution of the problem by the use of balloons. Obviously, the first thing required is that he should study the flight of different kinds of feathered creatures, in order that he may ascerand would tear the lace off my train at every stride, but when I was not in my dresses I used to blush, but could never de-cide whether it was the girl or me who tain which of them furnishes the best model. Naturally the eagle suggests itself, He is king of the air. But the humble pigeon outstrips him in the sky, as the greyhound flashing by the mastiff. "How would the frigate bird serve as a

model? As it soars aloft a mile or more could not undo myself. Eventually I grew the beau ideal of a flyer. Yet there are with a black derby hat, the style of which from the ground, requiring much exertion and plenty of space to make a start. The "On the steamer there was a rich cattlesparrow is, perhaps, the most perfect flyer. man from Montana named Struthers. He As to speed, he outstrips the pigeon; as to power, he can rise vertically to considerable heights; as to journeys, he equals other inasmuch as it trailed slightly on the birds. But his feats of volitation are accomplexion; did not bite my nails with porcelain teeth; did not depend on the upholcomplished by an expenditure of energy sterer for my resemblance to Venus: did and skill which man cannot reproduce. not twist my Psyche knot with a growth of "It is evident that man must imitate the somebody else's hair, and did not tomanawk my victims for theater tickets and cham-

large soaring birds, which have moderate strength in proportion to their size. A suitpagne suppers. I rendered myself even able type is the vulture, which floats aloft more beautiful than I was by appearing not upon the wind without effort. He sails and to know it. Mr. Struthers would call me spends no force, using the breezes instead his Helene in the most sweet-scented. of his muscles. He knows how to rise and sugar-coated way, tell me of his palace by the Lake of Como, of how the birds should syllable my name and the horse tanks how to alight without danger-two things which are difficulties to some other large should gush forth in the midst of roses. I took it all in, of course. At last the nuptial day came. Well, I was the garl derndest birds. If you have ever seen a great vulture in full flight, you may well have been struck with the possibility that its mode feeling bride that was ever roped into the failure of marriage or lashed with the hyof locomotion might be adapted by man to How Fast Birds Fly.

"Well, soon after our honeymoon waned, and it was the most rip-roaring honeymoon "Birds are sustained by the winds in just that any parson ever turned loose, or any clerk of the court ever licensed, we set-tled in a beautiful villa on the palisades of the same manner as the kites which boys fly are held up in the air. It is a rather curious fact that those feathered creatures which have small wings are the most rapid. Every sportsman knows the astonishing speed of ducks and loons and the slowness | gentleman." or nerons, tapwings and barn owis. By com-paring the progress of birds with that of jokin'. He ain't nothin' but a low-down the large sating birds in full flight through space get over about thirty-seven miles an hour. Thus it may be reasonably inferred that flying man will attain a speed of at least a mile in two minutes. A bird may fly with the wind or 'tack' against it. In fly with the wind or 'tack' against it. In Lohnson, sandonically "He's good wid a "I would be Jim, and cease to be Helene just as my dear soul was departing this

man is that of getting a start. Sailing birds, especially the very large kinds, find life, I plunged a razor into my pretty, rosy this a troublesome matter. A tawny vulthis a troublesome matter. A tawny vul-ture cannot rise twenty yards on a start of forty-five degrees; he cannot rise ten yards vertically. So this king of soarers may be kept a prisoner in a cage without a roof, provided the sides or walls are a roof, provided the sides or walls are twenty yards high and twenty yards apart.
The rapid-flying swift, so perfectly at home in the air, cannot rise vertically six feet. It is securely caged in a large box without a cover; and yet, if any creature is thorand saying "farewell forever," was proved to be written in my hand, and I got into a devil of a scrape. I tried to explain by making a full confession, but the judge said oughly equipped for flight, it is he. The ter wid him. it was too thin, and the district attorney ate bird is helpless without a big space in which to perform its evolutions.
"The birds which have most trouble in

jangled out of tune, and I was adjudged insane by a board of alienists. After varigetting a start are the large water birds, which, in setting off from water or ground, ous ups and downs, I managed to get out and slipped the neose. Insanity is one of the best cures for strangulation that I are compelled to run a long distance, using both feet and wings, in order to gain the speel required for support. The big vulknow. I always recommend it to my friends." tures, if on the ground, likewise get their By this time The Star man was utterly start by running, the running steps merg-ing into a series of leaps, which continue limp, the southern blonde with the dimple in her chin was gasping on the sofa, and the girl who distorts her face every time she eats an olive, and then takes the stones out with her fingers, was paralyzed. The palms waved in dismay; the flowers wilted; the ferns slunk away from sight, and the they simply laulter themselves into space and spread their wings open to get under full motion. The first rule in aerial volitation is that success in flight is based upon "I ain't givin' money to any gal dat don't b'long to me—'specially when she says I'm tation is that success in flight is based upon paintings turned their faces to the wall. Struthers leaned against the heater, and The Star man, in rushing from the room, overheard him murmuring to himself,

"To come safely to a stop will be another difficulty for flying man. That is always a serious business for a large and heavy man. bird. The big bird stops himself by opposbird. The big bird stops himself by opposing his wings and body to the wind, which thus brings him to a pause. If there is no wind he avoids a jar by gliding upward at wind he avoids a jar by gliding upward at glanced around the kitchen, and, seeing Two young fellows walked up Main street last Saturday night. They had been talking about skill at games of cards. One of them allowed that he could play any game of which the late Mr. Hoyle was cognizant, The other was equally sure of his mastery "I will play you any game you choose for

"I'll just call that bluff," said the short great height to gain a large field of observa-tion, and must remain aloft for a long time without fatigue. On a windy day he can actually leave his perch in the morning, travel many leagues, spend the whole day in the air and get back to his perch at lik true, as commonly averred, that he 'scents the carcass from afar.' He is not able to find tainted meat that is hidden from view, He is not able to his sense of smell not being well developed. In fact, he will pass close to it without finding the meal.

"Vultures discover their prey by the ex-ercise of a vision more powerful than is possessed by any other animal. They may be said to establish a complete network of observation all over the earth. When one of them spies a meal, others see him start for it and they follow. Thus they assem-ble very rapidly. It is more than likely that they sometimes go to sleep on the wing-at all events that they doze, as a horse does while standing, though the lat-ter animal retains sufficient control over his muscles to preserve the equipoise on Some naturalists have advanced most

curious explanations of bird flight, especially of soaring or sailing flight. They have tried to show that the air contained in the hollow bones of birds makes them light. Such notions are absurd. Birds weigh as much for bulk as terrestrial animals. Their specific gravity is the same as that of man, of mammals and of fishes. Deprived of their feathers they sink in water.
"M. Mouillard, the French savant, has made some interesting experiments by al-

tering the wings of various living birds Some of the wings he clipped short; others he lengthened by piecing them out with the long primary feathers from the wings of birds of prey, fastened on with glue. The birds thus treated behaved very curiously. birds thus treated behaved very curiously. They would start off to fly in their usual manner, but, finding that their wings were no longer adapted to that method, they would find themselves obliged to fly like birds of the type which they had been made to resemble. For example, a kestrel faicon, a good soarer, had one-half in least of his reference with the contraction. faicon, a good soarer, had one-half in length of his primary feathers cut off, the make up a berth).—"No, you don't, Mr. Man; none of that!" result being to transform him into a rowed city and the waves were churned into butter. sah?"

Sah?"

Mr. Haymow.—"Why, you don't catch me metamorphosed into stormy petrels by angels' wings. Broad acres of wheat-

The result was to compel them, notwith-standing their habit of soaring upon light breezes, to await instead the brisk winds which alone could sustain them without

lard says:

A Bird of Enterprise. "Among the birds experimented on in this fashion was a pelican. This is one of the most interesting of feathered creatures, by the way. In point of intelligence he is among birds what the elephant is among mammals. Like the latter animal, a boundless curiosity attracts him to man. The doings of the sovereign of creation interest him profoundly. Of him M. Mouil-

" 'He will not, like the large birds of prey, morosely assume a gloomy state of sulks, beginning with his captivity and ending with his death; he will not go crouch in a corner and motionless ponder on his lost liberty—not a bit of it. After two or three days, if, without looking at him or apparently noticing him in any way, you are occupied in doing something, he will not let half an hour pass before he is between your legs, the better to observe your acyour legs, the better to observe your ac-tions. Every now and then he will stretch out that frightful bill of his, but there is no need of extra guard; all there is to do is not to draw the hand back, because it might be cut against the saws of his manmight be cut against the saws of his man-dibles. When he sees no reply to his over-tures he will become almost troublesome in his familiarities; he will come into the house as if it were his own; he will pick fleas off the dog; he will purloin a shoe; he will make way with a ball from the bil-liard table with an air of perfect innocence. He will not quit the neighborhood of man's social gathering, but he will squat down all rolled up in a ball in the middle of the group, rest his bill on his back, and from this vantage ground his intelligent eye will follow every gesture and every word spoken. He imposes himself upon man as his companion; he declares that his society vented, out and out, two new methods of will be accepted, and as, after all, he is not very troublesome, as-far from being repugnant-he is clean and stately, man

gives in and becomes his friend."
Like the vulture, flying man will be able to soar by using the power of the wind, requiring no other force," said the scientist in conclusion. "What, it will nat-urally be asked, is the least wing surface required to sustain a human being and ap-paratus weighing 176 pounds? Careful calculation shows that eighty-two square will suffice to uphold that weight in salling flight. When the first dread of the gir has been conquered, when the horror of empty space has been mastered through habit, man, having successfully imitated the birds, will doubtless be able to improve on

HELD TO SECURE A LOAN.

Why It Was That Mr. Johnson Felt Obliged to Play Shylock.

The yard gate opened slowly, as if actuated by a person who was influenced by hesiabove the earth, upheld apparently with- tation. First a head appeared; it was that out a movement of its pinions, it seems of a young colored man, and was adorned circumstances under which it cannot rise was somewhat marred by an indentation in the top as if a brick had fallen upon it. Next, a foot became visible, and presently the whole of the visitor was in evidence. An overcoat, evidently made for a person at least a foot and a half taller than him-self, rather outdid the fashion as to length,

The individual thus described shambled the individual thus described shambled up to the door of the kitchen and knocked. He was admitted by a prepossessing young colored woman in a white apron. She said: "Good morning," but he made no response, Seating himself in a chair by the range, he extended his legs and preceded. extended his legs and proceeded to gaze steadfastly at his feet, which were ab-normally large and rather muddy. At length he looked up and ejaculated: "Well!"

"Did you speak?" said the young woman "Nope," replied the caller, relapsing into "Oh, I thought you did."

"Say!" he remarked, after an interval of about half a minute. "Say what?"
"Whar you gwine this evenin'?"

"I'm gwine to the theater." "With Mr. Washington, ef you wanter know. "That fool nigger from Alexandria?"
"Mr. George Washington ain't no fool, an' he ain't no nigger," said the young woman with indignation, "He's a puffect

that hydig man the first two minutes. A bird may least a mile in two minutes. A bird may least a mile in two minutes. A bird may least a mile in two minutes. A bird may least a mile in two minutes. A bird may least a mile in two minutes. A bird may least a mile in two minutes. A bird may least a mile in two minutes. A bird may least a mile in two minutes. A bird may least a mile in two minutes. A bird may least a mile in two minutes. A bird may least a mile in two minutes. A bird may least a mile in two minutes. A bird may least a mile in two minutes. A bird may least a mile in two minutes. A bird may least a mile in two minutes. I do not may least a mile in two minutes. A bird may least a mile in two minutes. A bird may least a mile in two minutes. A bird may least a mile in two minutes. A bird may least a mile in two minutes. A bird may least a mile in two minutes. A bird may least a mile in two minutes. A bird may least a mile in two minutes. A bird may least a mile in two minutes. A bird may least a mile in two minutes. A bird may least a mile in two minutes. A bird may least a mile in two minutes. A bird may least a mile in two minutes. A bird may least a mile in two minutes. A bird may least a mile in two minutes. A bird may least a mile in two minutes. A bird may least a mile in two minutes. A bird may least a mile in two minutes. A bird may least a mile in two minutes. A bird may least a mile in two minutes and mile in two minutes a mile in two minutes and mile in two minutes are mile in two minutes and mile in two minutes are mile in two minutes and mile in two minutes are mile in two minutes are mile in two minutes and mile in two minutes are mile in two minutes are mile in two mile where there was ladies present."
"That's annuder lie!" responded the young

"I ain't stuck. But he ain't done nothin' to you, an' you've no business to abuse him."
"Well, I object to your goin' to the theay-

"I ain't takin' orders from you, Mr. John-

"Why not? Ain't you my gal?" "No, I ain't. I ain't a-goin' to keep com-pany wid you no longer."
"You ain't, eh?"
"No, I ain't."

"Dat's all right, Miss Arabella Brown.
I might say dat no lady would chuck over
a gen'l man in de style you hab me, ter a gen'iman in de style you hab me, ter take up wid a common crap-shootin', raz-zer-pullin' nigger from Alexandria. But I ain't a-goin' to make no remarks. P'raps before I git out you won't mind payin' me as long as their feet touch the ground as long as their feet touch the ground by a Birds, of prey start from the ground by a leap measuring a yard. When they are leap measuring a yard. When they are on the perch, being always at great heights, on the perch, being always at great heights, on the perch, being always at great heights, or the perch, being always at great heights, or the perch, being always at great heights, or the perch, being always at great heights. The perchasing th

a low-down barber. I want dat cash right "I ain't got it."

"Don't you mean to give it back?"
"I'll think about it," said the young wo-Mr. Johnson seemed much disturbed in

a steep slant, thus opposing gravity to Miss Brown's hat and best out-of-door

a steep slant, thus opposing gravity to speed. By such maneuvers the eagle is erabled to alight with incredible lightness and without shock. This will have to be carefully studied when man comes to experiment seriously with aerial apparatus. He may add a lot of embellishments, such as clastic nets, beds of straw and watery beds for floating machines.

"The vulture solves the problem of remaining in the air with the least expenditure of force. It may be said that he files or rather soars with the greatest science. In order to get a living he must rise to a great height to gain a large field of observation, and must remain aloft for a long time without fatigue. On a windy day he can

What Mr. Johnson proposes to do with the collateral can only travel many leagues, spend the whole day in the air and get back to his perch at night without a single beat of his wings. He is a saller par excellence. It is not Brown's place in his affections.

A Good Test.





A LITTLE GIRL'S ESCAPE.

How She Was Rescued Fron a Life of Torture.

Almost Beyond the Hope of Recovery-A

Loving Father's Gratitude. (From the Kansas City, Mo., Journal.) Perhaps no disease with which a young per-

son can be afflicted is so terrible and blighting in its nature as a nervous disorder, which gradually saps the strength of its victim and baunta him or her day and night. This was the melancholy prospect which confronted Mr. L. L. Barbor's young daughter, of

Edgerton, Kan., and the gratitude of her parents when a complete and lasting cure was brought about may be imagined. Learning of the case, for it is one which has created a great deal of interest throughout the county, a Journal reporter sought Mr. Barbor to get the full particulars in the belief that much good could be done other sufferers by the publication of the facts of the case. The reporter found Mr. Barbor in his shop busily engaged on a piece of work. He at once narrated briefly the particulars of the cure which had been effected in the case of his daughter. The facts are set forth in the following affidavit which Mr. Barbor voluntarily and cheerfully made: L. L. Barbor being duly sworn, on oath de-

poses and says: During the spring of the current year, 1893,

my daughter Bertie, aged 13 years, became afflicted with a nervous disease which grew upon her to such an extent that it seriously interfered with her studies, and aroused the gravest fears that it would develop into St. Vitus' dance. My daughter became so nervous that she would drop her knife and fork while eating, and would at times be seized with nervous twitchings which excited the alarm of myself and wife. About this time my wife read in a newspaper of a wonderful cure of the same disease effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. So strongly was I impressed with the facts set forth in the testimonial that I wrote to ascertain the authenticity of the case. Receiving & reply which completely satisfied me, I sent for a box of the pills.

From the very first dose a marked improve ment in my daughter's condition was noticed. She had become thin and excessively pale, as is common to sufferers from nervous diseases and her weight had decreased to an alarming extent. After a careful and thorough trial of the pills, she not only began to grow less nervous but also began to gain flesh.

It is needless to say that I was both surprised and delighted with the wonderful change brought about by the first box of the pills. She is a new girl, and all the symptoms of her disease have disappeared. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have certainly wrought a wonderful and complete cure, and I can say nothing too good in their favor. But now she is away on a visit, something she would not have thought of being able to do three months ago. From being shrinking, morbid and timid she has become a strong, healthy girl with no appearance of ever having been afflicted with any nervous troubles. The pills have done wonders, and I take great pleasure in recommending the pills to all who are afflicted with a similar disease.

(Signed) L. L. BARBOR. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 14th day of August, 1898. W. H. KELLY, Notary Public. [SEAL.]

Mrs. Barbor, who was present, cordially assented to all that her husband said regarding the remarkable cure brought about by the plils, and declared that they owed their daughter's Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a con-

densed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood, and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, and that tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases resulting from vitlated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppres. sions, irregularities and all forms of weakne In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or ex

cesses of whatever nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., and Brockville, Ont., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and are never sold in bulk or by the dozen or hundred

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Widow Watkins

Nearly Died

from billous headaches. She complained and moaned, and in three months paid a doctor.

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Her headaches were no better then than before, and to get no relief she 108.60. Then she bought a box of Ripans Tabules at the drug store. The first one cured her headache in fifteen minutes, and she was well in three days. This cost her.

and she has four little bottles of the Tabules still on hand.

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